The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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The Beautiful Lady.

THERE is a gentle lady, very fair;
Her looks are saintly, and her voice s rare;
She walks through all the town,
Nor fears to soil her gown.

They say this lovely lady's not afraid
Of any being that the Lord has made;
She sees her Father's look
Within the meanest nook.

And so she walks serene through every lane,
Where hunger struggles fierce with sin and pain,
And angry curses leap
In passion wild and deep.

She does not even tremble at the sight;
She stands and gazes like a lily white,
Till, awed to peace, they see
Her spotless purity.

She stays beside the couch when all have fled,
And lays upon her breast the dying head,
And sings away all fear
With voice serene and clear.

She takes the little children in her arms,
And gives them bread to eat, and mildly calms
Their throbbing hearts that beat,
And wipes their bleeding feet.

Dear children, tell me, will you go with her—
This lovely lady, each her messenger—
And bid the orphans come
And have with her their home?

Her name, I think, is Charity, below;
But when her bright, immortal wings do grow,
The angels there above
In heaven will call her Love.

MOUNT up the heights of vision,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of wisdom
That human hearts should know.

Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of the Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be your sure reward.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XIX.

WALKING slowly along the wharves which were crowded with people hurrying to and fro, they heard suddenly a scream and a plunge, as of something heavy falling into the water.

"What is it?" said Alf.

John scarcely stopped to reply. His words, "A boy drowning," were spoken while he himself was in the act of plunging into the sea.

Alf was so much excited that he did not himself realize what was passing, until John had broken away from him and had jumped into the water.

An immense crowd gathered instantly, but Alf was quick enough to get standing room on the edge of the wharf where he could see.

"What is it?" "Who is it?" "What has happened?"

These were the hastily uttered questions of the gathering multitude.

Alf remembered that John was an excellent swimmer, and with this thought he comforted himself. But the tide was strong, and flowing out to sea at a fearful speed.

He could see John struggling against it. The child was borne swiftly away with the tide.

Now he is sinking. John pursues him closely. When the little boy is lost to sight, John pauses. When it rises so that he can see it again, he swims bravely toward it.

Now it goes down again.

John pauses to see where it will rise.

It seems a long time before it reappears.

"Oh, my God! he is gone forever," says one agonized voice in the crowd.

"No; yonder he comes."

It is true. He has re-appeared. But he is a long way from where John was looking for him.

Yet he does not seem discouraged,—he strikes out for him boldly.

Now he has reached him.

He stretches out his hand — almost touches him—but suddenly again the child goes under.

A wild cry rises now from the shore.

"Gone! gone!"

"The third time down!"

"There is no hope!"

As suddenly as the child vanished, John went under the water too. And the crowd cry,

"Both gone forever!"

But no. Twenty seconds later, a little way down the tide, John reappears bearing the child with him.

With one arm he grasps him tightly, with the other he strikes out boldly for the shore.

It is a terrible struggle. To breast that tide single-handed must demand Herculean strength.

But has the frail boy the strength of Hercules to battle with these tides?

No, bodily strength he has not. But there is a *will* in him that is mightier than circumstance. It can rise above tide and weakness. It bears him up.

"Oh, he is sinking," cries some one on the shore.

"He will go down and be lost at last."

Will he? Is this to be his fate, after all that brave struggle?

Alf's heart stands still as he thinks of it.

No, he will not be lost.

He makes head now against the current.

He is gaining steadily.

He nears the wharf. And a boat which had by this time reached the place with six stout oarsmen in it, draws close to him. Two of the men drop their oars and lean over the boat's side; they grasp the arms of the boys in the water and draw them safely into the boat.

"Saved! saved!" the joyful cry rises from the shore.

The boat comes to the wharf. Two helpless, seemingly lifeless, bodies are lifted from it to the shore.

John has fainted from over-exhaustion, and lies like one dead in the arms of the men who bear him.

The crowd presses upon him. They are all eager to get a look at his face—the face of a boy who was brave enough to risk his own life to save that of a stranger.

"Who is he?"

"Where are his friends?"

"Where shall he be carried?"

These questions followed one another in rapid succession from the lips of the anxious crowd.

"Stand back! stand back!" said Alf, "you will crush him to death now that he is saved from the water."

"And who are you that you command us all?"

"His brother," says one.

"No, not his brother," Alf replied, "but the only friend that he has here. Let me come to him."

"O John, John," he cried, bending over him, "open your eyes and look at me. O John, do you hear me? Speak to me, John, that I may know you are not dead."

No reply came from the pale lips and Alf burst into tears.

"He is dead, oh, he is dead!"

"No, he is not dead, only fainted from over exertion. Bring him at once into the hospital, and we will soon restore him to life again."

These words were spoken by a hospital surgeon, who came with the multitude and saw the accident and its fortunate termination.

Alf saw the wisdom of a quick obedience to his commands, and he followed the men who were bearing the senseless body toward the hospital.

Once there, the attendants took it in charge and applied the needed restoratives.

Alf was permitted to come into the building, but the rest of the crowd were left in the street to wander their various ways, seeking new excitement—perhaps other accicents as thrilling as this.

The little boy had been carried to his home, which was not very far from where the accident occurred, where he was soon restored to consciousness and was as well as before. His mother was too excited at the moment to think of aught save her own child, and so in the confusion of the moment the boy was borne away to whom she owed the life of her child without her saying to him one word of gratitude—not even so much

as the customary "thank you" which one gives in return for every trifling favor.

While the attendants were exerting their skill to restore John to consciousness, the surgeon asked Alf some questions.

"Does your friend live near here?"

"Oh, no sir."

"In the city I suppose."

"No sir. We came from the country, a long way from here."

"And have you friends in the city?"

"No sir. We have no friends here. We were never either of us in New York before."

"And how long have you been here?"

"We came to the city this morning."

At this moment John, whose face Alf had been anxiously watching all the time of this questioning, opened his eyes with a faint trembling motion of the lids, breathed one low short gasp and then lay as still again as if his life had gone out with this feeble fluttering impulse.

Alf gasped too, and would have cried aloud had not the surgeon held him tightly by the arm and said,

"You must be perfectly quiet if we allow you to remain here. Your friend must not be excited now."

Alf swallowed the sobs that seemed choking him and stood still watching for any other least indication of life.

The signs came slowly, and it was full an hour after that first trembling gasp before John was able to open his eyes and understand what was going on about him.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

Apple Blossoms.

DEAR little Mary comes in from the orchard,
Eyes all a-sparkle with gladness untold;
Cheeks like the roses, when dewdrops have kissed them;
Hair that the sunshine has sprinkled with gold;

Hands full of blossoms—the sweet apple blossoms;
Tenderest pinks struggling through the clear white;
Homelike and dear as the note of the robin
Singing to welcome the morning's first light.

So little Mary runs in through the kitchen,
Up the stairs lightly to mother's own room;
Breathless and silent she spreads out her treasures,
Feasting her eyes on their delicate bloom.

Outsprings the thought that has filled her with gladness.
"Mother," she says—and her face beams with light,—
"Now I feel sure that God loves us most dearly;
See what he's made for us all in one night!"

Beauty Everywhere.

WE seek for beauty oft in vain,
Because we will not see
The loveliness of hill and plain,
Ot budding bush and tree.

We look afar to find the joy
That blooms beside our way,
Nor deem we have it everywhere
Our wayward feet may stray.

We have the beauty of the flower
That blooms beneath our feet.
But seldom feel its magic power
To make our pathway sweet.

We hear the wild-bird's joyous song
Ring out in silvery peals,
As by the soft breeze borne along,
Its sweetness o'er us steals.

The simple blossom that we pass
Unnoticed, careless by,
Should whisper beauty to the heart,
And check the rising sigh.

That happy song so free from care,
Should echo through the heart,
And make a place of beauty there,
And never thence depart.

The violet, springing from the sod,
Looks upward to the sky,
And draws us nearer to our God,
By its endearing eye.

The mist-wreaths trailing o'er the hills,
As pure and white as snow,
Rise like an incense from the rills
That wander by below.

Oh, did we know but half the grace
Our daily walks possessed,
We, too, should raise our souls in praise,
And blessing, should be blessed.

Then let us try to read the world,
As like an open book,
And we shall find it beautiful
Wherever we may look. —*Banner.*

Teetotalers.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up through the snow,
Snow is pure water frozen you know,
And Daffy loves water to drink,
The little blue violet is lifting its head,
To catch a pure drop which the night mists shed,
A dazz'ling diamond you'd think.

The Tulip is holding its gorgeous cup,
Hoping the rain will soon fill it up,
For it, too, loves water to drink;
The Hyacinth shakes its sweet scented bell,
And delights that the rain around it has fell,
As the clouds to the horizon sink.

The flowers all love the water so pure,
And they never have any sickness to cure,
For they taste naught but Nature's pure drink;
Then children let's join the cold band,
And firm to our pledge we will ever stand,
And ne'er to a drunkard's grave sink.

For the Myrtle.

A Whole Team.

How can a fine lady go out to drive
And be sure of neck and limb?
Only one horse reined, as I'm alive, —
And the other harnessed to him.

Two fractious horses to plunge and rear,
And prance wherever they list,
A careless driver with never a fear
Who drives with a single fist.

If the reins should drop from her dimpled hand,
If the whip should too heavily fall,
Then where shou'd I and my baby land,
Umbrella and bag and all?

O never mind, as away we bound, —
My team makes a famous show;
If we all break down we shall stop with the ground,
And it wouldn't be far to go! *H. A. B*

A Sea Flower.

WOULD it not be curious, little people, to think of flowers growing on the rocks under the deep sea.

Well, strange as it seems, if you could take a peep into the blue depths some sunny morning you would see what you would be certain were flowers of the loveliest colors and shapes.

They are, in fact, however, animals, and have mouths, and eat meat and drink water as well as you.

One of these exquisite wonders of the sea is called the Opelet; and is about as large as a German Aster, looking, indeed, very much like one.

Imagine a very large, double Aster, with ever so many long petals of the most delicate shade of light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the Aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the Opelet himself generally clings to a rock.

How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight. But those beautiful waving arms — as you may call them — have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them — so well hidden that one can scarcely find it.

Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of their rosy tips he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is quietly drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and seen no more.

Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.—*Children's Hour.*

"Only a Grain of Mustard Seed."

ONLY a grain of mustard seed,"
Kissed by the sun and dew,
Borne on the wind its rugged way,
Far in some dell, there hidden lay,
Where it in stature grew.

"Only a grain of mustard seed!"
Truth in its mighty sway,
Flower and fruitage will ripened own,
Though 'mid tares it was wildly sown,
And latent though it lay.

"Only a grain of mustard seed!"
Hope, but a whispered word,
Is strong to check sin's sad career,
And wipe away the sorrowing tear,
When dropped in deeps unstirred.

"Only a grain of mustard seed,"
Sunk in the slumbering soul,
Wakens high deeds of immortal worth,
Missions of love that gladden earth,
As long as ages roll.

For the Myrtle.

Anniversary Flowers.

"MOTHER, mother! see what it says about flowers on our programme," cried Nina Brownell, as she came *almost* running into the sitting-room after Sunday School.

Her mother took it and read:

"Flowers are desired to decorate the platform and speakers' stand at the Children's Meeting. Will superintendents invite all friends who can conveniently do so, to send contributions to the Temple on the morning of Wednesday."

"That means us, doesn't it, mother?" cried Nina. "We can 'conveniently do so,' can't we?"

"I think we can, if things in the conservatory

come on well," said her mother, smiling. "But don't get excited about it."

"Oh, but I do hope the 'Baltimore Belle' roses that are budded will be out, and the callas, and oh, ever so many things," said Nina, a little more quietly, "for I do want to take the very best and biggest bouquet of anybody. And oh, there's something else nice, too, mother!"

Her mother smiled at the "ohs," but expressed herself ready to hear the something else.

"I'm going to be one of ever so many girls and boys to speak a piece, a greeting, they call it, and I've got it on this paper to learn by heart."

Her mother read over the little poem and said, "I think all those girls and boys will be the best and biggest bouquet, after all. If they do their parts well they will afford quite as much pleasure as the flowers. So you must be sure and learn it well, to begin with. And I hope you will have at least a rose for every verse."

Nina studied on her verses faithfully and had them well learned long before Saturday, the day on which they were to rehearse. Meanwhile, she watched the buds on the Baltimore Belle Every day her mother set it out in the yard in the sunshine, and every night took it back into the greenhouse, and so they came on finely.

On Saturday the children met, two from each of the twelve schools, and rehearsed their greeting. And on Sunday all the schools had a delightful time practising their festival music. They learned also who the speakers were to be at their meeting, and all were fully awake to the happy occasion that awaited them.

What a happy morning was that of Wednesday, when Nina went into the yard with her mother, holding tight the book that had her precious "part" between its leaves, and watched her pick the flowers for the bouquet which she herself was to take down to the Temple when she went for her last rehearsal.

The great Baltimore Belle was in its glory. "Seven roses," Nina said, "one for each verse." One was full-blown, two more nearly so, and four were those large, half-bursting buds which every one likes best. Every one was picked and went into the bouquet. And with them went a lovely calla for the centre, and clove pinks, red and white, and geraniums with their beautiful leaves, and through and over it all, bunches of feathery heliotrope.

"A pretty bouquet for a children's meeting," said Nina's grandmother, standing by. "The roses are for love, and there's more of that than anything else as there ought to be; and the lily, that's for purity — in the center. And the heliotrope that's for faith, through it all. Yes, it's just the thing for the children's meeting."

So said everybody at the Temple, and many were the exclamations of delight at Nina's bouquet, "the most beautiful thing there." It was put at the very front of the speakers' stand, and while it shed a kind of glory on the rest of the flowers, it must have gladdened the eyes of the speakers, as they looked upon it and over it to the great flower garden of children beyond.

But when out from the flower garden came those selected flowers, the girls and boys who were to speak the greeting, and arranged themselves on the stage, Nina's flowers were not so much thought of as Nina herself and her companions, and it would have been easy to tell what was the loveliest bouquet there.

H. A. B.

Little Boy Blue.

UNDER the hay-stack, little Boy Blue
Sleeps with his head on his arm,
While voices of men and voices of maids
Are calling him over the farm.

Sheep in the meadows are running wild,
Where poisonous herbage grows,
Leaving white tufts of downy fleece
On the thorns of the sweet wild-rose.

Out in the fields where the silken corn
Its plumed head nods and bows,
Where golden pumpkins ripen below,
Trample the white-faced cows.

But no loud blast on the shining horn
Calls back the straying sheep,
And the cows may wander in hay or corn
While their keeper lies asleep.

His roguish eyes are tightly shut,
His dimples are all at rest;
The chubby hand, tucked under his head,
By one rosy cheek is pressed.

Waken him? No. Let down the bars
And gather the truant sheep,
Open the barnyard and drive in the cows,
But let the little boy sleep.

For year after year we can shear the fleece,
And corn can always be sown;
But the sleep that visits little Boy Blue
Will not come when the years have flown.

Abby Sage Richardson.

NEVER laugh at any person's failings; they should excite your grief rather than your mirth.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The anniversary exercises are at hand and we hope next week to give as full report of them as concerns the Sunday School, especially of the Children's Meeting, on Wednesday at Tremont Temple.

—The Sunday School in Shirley Village lately gave both their pastor and superintendent a pleasant surprise, in the shape of chromos of the "Sealers among the Icebergs," by Bradford.

—A friend in Boston writes the *Leader* concerning the Conference of the S. S. Union at East Boston, as follows:—"It is rare, we think, that a company of two hundred teachers can be gathered in any city, of a week day, and in business hours, for no other purpose than to devise the best methods of conducting Sunday Schools. But such a company there was in the church at East Boston on Wednesday afternoon and evening. A dozen schools, more or less, were represented, and it was evident the teachers had not come together for pastime, but with an earnest purpose to learn something which could be turned to practical account in their Sundays' work among the children. An essay was read at each session on some topic previously assigned, and then its suggestions were thoroughly canvassed in the light of the experience of different members of the Conference. Of course there may be on such occasions, as in other conferences, some fruitless talk, but the encouraging feature of the whole affair to us was the fact that so many men and women could find time, or would take time, from their business to look after the interests of the children of the church; for this meeting was one of a series held from month to month. The hour intervening the afternoon and evening sessions was spent at the tables spread in the vestry, and in social conversation."

Similar meetings have been held at Cambridgeport, Chelsea and Charlestown. The latter closed the series for the season and was pronounced the best of all. In the afternoon an essay was read by Prof. B. F. Tweed of Cambridge, on "The qualifications of the Sunday School Teacher," in the evening one by Rev. G. H. Vibbert on the topic "What can the Sunday School Union do more than it is doing?" His point was that they could start a mission among the poor in the north part of the city, and a committee of seven were appointed to consider the subject and report to the Board of Government of the Union. Much enthusiasm was manifested in the plan proposed.

Thus closes a series of conferences pleasant as social occasions, instructive and helpful in Sunday School work, and productive, it is hoped, of great immediate good to our cause.

MAINE.

—Westbrook Seminary, Me., proposes a reunion of its graduates and former students at the next Anniversary, which occurs about the middle of June.

—The editor of the *Banner* has the same experience as our other Sunday School workers. Help is needed on every hand. He says:—"We are now receiving applications from our small Sabbath Schools in country places for donations of second hand library books from our larger and more wealthy schools. Dr. Butterfield of South Effingham, whose church is located on the extreme western border of Maine, has written to us, soliciting aid as follows: 'We are about starting our Sabbath School but we are nearly destitute of books and the brethren feel poor. Cannot some large and wealthy society make us a present of old, second hand library books that their children have read and that they have laid aside? We shall be very glad to obtain them, I can assure you Such a gift will make the hearts of our children leap for joy.

This is just the work the Women's Centenary Association wants to do. It could spend hundreds of dollars to the best advantage in this way, if it had them in hand. Teachers and scholars will you join the Association and help it to help you?

NEW YORK.

—The Sunday School connected with Rev. Dr. Chapin's church, New York, gave a fine entertainment April 24th.

—The first Universalist Mission School of New York city, visited April 27th, the grave of Mrs. Abigail S. Gilmore, who was an earnest friend of that institution during her life, and filled the position of Assistant Superintendent in the most successful manner. She was the founder of the Industrial School, and was ever a faithful laborer in it. The school had purchased a stone for the grave of their much loved teacher, which was put in place during their visit. Appropriate services were had, conducted by Rev. C. F. Lee, and an original poem was read by Mrs. C. A. Soule.

—Rev. L. J. Fletcher, pastor of our church at Buffalo, writes the *Leader*:—"Our Sunday School is in excellent condition, and I must write a few lines in regard to its first annual reception and exhibition, recently given at St. James Hall in this city. About sixty took part in it, and in every respect it was a complete success. It opened with a fairy tableau, called 'Repose and Watchfulness,' which was one of the finest I ever saw. This was followed by a juvenile pantomine, entitled "Dream in Fairy Land," and this by a tableau called the 'Jewish Sacrifice.' The principal thing on the programme was a legendary and allegorical drama of the times of the Messiah. All the characters were dressed in the ancient Syrian costume, and its colloquies, songs and tableaux, were highly praised. The entertainment closed by a splendid tableau of 'The Lost Pleiad.' The sale of tickets amounted to nearly six hundred dollars, and the school realizes over four hundred dollars net profits."

ILLINOIS.

—Five months ago we had no Sunday School at Oak Park, Ill. Now we have one bearing over one hundred names and owning a library of over three hundred volumes. Its first entertainment cleared $90.

—The *Covenant* says, "Our cause is in a flourishing condition in Dixon. In February, 1871, the Society first had stated preaching, once in two weeks. In May of the same year they purchased a fine lot for a church. In the same month a Sunday School was organized with eighty members, which is still prosperous. Meetings are now held every Sabbath and a church will be erected the coming summer."

GEORGIA.

—A Sunday School was organized at Ebenezer, Ga., April 28th.

———Jesus loved mankind. His love was not merely "strong as death," it was incalculably stronger. He tasted death for every man. His love was not produced by our works, for he died for the ungodly. His love will forever exist, for his is declared to be "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." This love in Jesus was the love of our Heavenly Father. And if our Father so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXXIX

INTERVIEW OF CHRIST WITH NICODEMUS.

"The Publicans go into the kingdom of heaven before you."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xx. 30–34. Mark x. 46–52. Luke xviij. 35–43; xix. 1–10.

Question. — Who were sitting by the wayside as Jesus was going to Jericho?

Answer. — Math. xx. 30.

Q. — What did they do when told that Jesus was passing by?

A. — Math. xx. 30.

Q. — What did Jesus do for them?

A. — Math. xx. 30.

Q. — As Jesus passed through Jericho, who endeavored to see him?

A. — Luke xix. 2.

Q. — What was the business of Zaccheus?

A. — Luke xix. 2.

NOTE. The business of a publican was to purchase the taxes assessed by the government for less than the amount assessed, making a profit by collecting the whole amount. A chief publican sometimes bought the taxes of a whole province and sold them in smaller quantities to publicans who did a smaller business.

Q. — Why could not Zaccheus see Jesus?

A. — Luke xix. 3.

Q. — In what way did he gratify his strong desire to see him?

A. — Luke xix. 4.

NOTE. The sycamore bears fruit which grows upon the branches and not upon the ends of the twigs. The branches of the tree grow close to the ground, and therefore it is easily climbed.

Q. — Did Jesus observe him?

A. — Luke xix. 5.

Q. — What did he say to him?

A. — Luke xix. 5.

Q. — What did the crowd do and say to this?

A. — Luke xix. 7.

Q. — When they had arrived at the house, what did Zaccheus say to Jesus?

A. — Luke xix. 8.

NOTE. The business of a publican had many and strong temptations. He could easily collect more than the amount of the tax. To protect himself from this temptation, Zaccheus had made it a rule of his life that if he should ever collect more than the amount of the tax, he would restore it fourfold. As a tax gatherer he was brought in contact with the poor, of whom he was compelled to collect taxes; and there was danger that he would grow hard hearted in his business. To protect himself from this great danger, he had made it a rule to give one half his income to the poor.

Q. — What did Jesus say after this statement of Zaccheus?

A. — Luke xix. 9.

Q. — Why had salvation visited that house?

A. — Luke xix. 10.

NOTE. A man may be lost without being a sinner—lost as a child is when it has strayed from the presence and care of parents. Zaccheus, although a Jew, did not know God—did not know his character and providence as Christ knew them; and salvation visited that house because Zaccheus came to know God truly.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters
My 5, 7, 4, 10, 14, 15, is the name of a prophet.
My 10, 1, 17, 3, 14, 15, is the name of a patriarch,
My 16, 13, 10, 16, is one of the United States.
My 6, 16, 17, 14, 8, 2, is a piece of wood.
My 9, 13, 17, 14, 14, is a number.
My 12, 13, 14, 10, 6, is a dishonest person.
My 18, 16, 11, 4, is finished.
My whole is what we all should do in these days.

Answers.

MAY 25 Search the Scriptures.

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